

F 45208

~~M 56656 s~~

1836

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
1175

John R. Thayer

Book 1841



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College



SELECTION
OF
H Y M N S
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,
For the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Con-
ference Office, 200 Mulberry-street.

J. Collord, Printer.
1836.

THE

W. H. & C.

PRINTED BY J. H. & C.

1841

THE



THE

THE

THE

PREFACE.

THE Sunday School Hymn Book, heretofore in use among us, has been considered, by those engaged in Sabbath school instruction, defective for want of a greater variety of subjects, the inconvenient length of some of the hymns, and the unsuitableness of others. Being impressed with these defects, and with a view, as far as possible, to obviate them, measures have been adopted to make a thorough revision of our Sunday School Hymn Book; and the following is the result of the labours of the committee to whom this needful work was committed.

In this collection several of the hymns have been divided, others shortened, and a number selected from our standard Hymn Book, and others of approved character have been introduced; all of which it is hoped will be found acceptable and useful.

In the Appendix, a specimen of Mr. Spaulding's plan of analysis and questions is given, from the hope that this excellent

method of imparting instruction to the juvenile mind, will be adopted by teachers of Sabbath schools, as far as practicable.

Praying that the blessing of God may accompany this and every other effort to promote the welfare of the rising generation, the following hymns are commended to the use of the schools under the care of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

New-York, April, 1836.

HYMNS.

Hymn 1. C. M.

Praise.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for *me*.

Hymn 2. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hymn 3. C. M.

Praise to God.

- C**OME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days ;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.
- 2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things ;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.
- 3 He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honour'd for his grace ;

Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honour and thanks be given !
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

Hymn 4. L. M.

On the opening of a Sunday School.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which gives our feeble plans success ;
Here may we oft delight to meet
Our youthful charge at Jesus' feet.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born for glory here.

Hymn 5. C. M.

" Lord, teach us to pray."

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from the birth I stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home
Their tears he'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face,
Shall surely taste his love ;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

Hymn 6. S. M.

Prayer.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :

O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give !
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Hymn 7. P. M.

BE it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude :
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given !
 And let me through thy Spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

Hymn 8. S. M.

Praise to God for learning to read.

THE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught, and learnt so young,
 To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in ;
 By nature, and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well ;
 And whither shall a sinner flee,
 To save his soul from hell ?

Hymn 9. 4 lines 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made :
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

Hymn 10. C. M.

Praise and Prayer.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer
In heaven, thy dwelling place,
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face !

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
And grant what we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear,—but O impart
To each desire sincere !
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

4 For if vain thoughts the mind engage
Of elder far than me ;

What hope that at our thoughtless age
Our mind should e'er be free ?

5 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines ;
And be thy mercies pour'd on those
Who placed us where it shines.

Hymn 11. L. M.

The Bible.

THIS is a precious book indeed !
Happy the child that loves to read !
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven !

2 It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible every day :
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show your souls the way to heaven.

Hymn 12. C. M.

The Seed of the Word.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

Hymn 13. L. M.

Trifling in Worship.

IN God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God! compassionate and mild,
Forgive the follies of a child;
Teach me to pray and mind thy word,
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

Hymn 14. C. M.

Christ's gracious Advent.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes!

- The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Hymn 15. L. M.

Attending Public Worship.

WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word, and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.

- 2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we,

- Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him, though we cannot see.
- 3 But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways .
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only *seem* to take a part ;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.
- 5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ,
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven !

Hymn 16. 7s.

Jesus Christ.

- J**ESUS Christ has lived and died,
What is all the world beside ?
This to know is all we need,
This to know is life indeed.
- 2 Other wisdom seek I none,
Teach me this, and this alone ;
Christ for me hath lived and died,
Christ for me was crucified.
- 3 Can my soul on shadows vain
Ever spend a thought again ?
No—before this light they flee,
Jesus Christ has died for me.

Hymn 17. C. M.

Invitation to Praise.

- C**OME, children, hail the Prince of peace,
Obey the Saviour's call ;

Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O haste! before him fall;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace,
Let saints before him fall;
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hymn 18. L. M.

Time flying, Death hastening.

CHILDREN, awake, nor slumb'ring lie
Amidst the gloomy haunts of death;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commission'd for your parting breath.

2 That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies;
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from your closing eyes.

3 Death calls your friends, your parents hence,
And none resist the fatal dart;
Continual warnings strike your sense,
And shall they fail to reach your heart?

- 4 Think, dear young friends, how much do-
 On the short period of a day ; [pende
 Shall time, which Heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?
- 5 Ensure your nobler life on high,
 Life from a dying Saviour's blood ;
 Then though your minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear you nearer to your God.

Hymn 19. L. M.

A General Prayer.

- F**ATHER, adored in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake :
 O ! let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour :
 Thy kind protection we implore ;
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
 Be thine the glory evermore !

Hymn 20. L. M.

" Our Father who art in Heaven."

- G**REAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend !
 I a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.
- 2 Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer,
 Or stoop to listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise ?

3 Art thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father ? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

Hymn 21. C. M.

For a child that feels it has a wicked heart.

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do
Who feels with guilt oppress'd ?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise ;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

3 Whene'er to thy commands I turn,
I find I've broken them ;
And in thy holy Scriptures learn
That God will sin condemn.

4 And yet, if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry,
Some thoughts of folly or of play,
Prevent me when I try.

PART II.

1 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listen'd to thy word,
Or pray'd to be forgiven !

2 O look with pity in thine eye
 Upon a heart so hard !
 Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
 Or show it no regard.

3 The work I cannot undertake,
 I leave to thee alone ;
 I pray thee for thy mercy's sake
 To change this heart of stone.

Hymn 22. C. M.

The Saviour's call to the Young.

LET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above ;
 'Tis God, the holy Saviour, speaks,
 And every word is love.

2 O may the child that lives in sin,
 Enslaved by Satan's power,
 Meekly obey the call Divine,
 In this appointed hour.

3 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
 The path that leads to death ;
 Look up, a bleeding Saviour view ;
 Look, and be saved by faith.

4 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
 Through my atoning blood ;
 And thou shalt claim and find in me
 A Saviour and a God."

5 Lord, speak these words to every heart,
 By thine almighty voice ;
 Early from sin may we depart,
 And make thy love our choice.

Hymn 23. L. M.

MY thoughts arise, and soar above,
 To realms of everlasting day ;
 Ascend my soul, from earthly love,
 From every mortal care away.

2 O may I be at peace with Heaven,
 Before the summons call me hence !

May I but know my sins forgiven
 Before I bid adieu to sense.

3 O ! what reception must I find
 From Him who all in heaven obey ?

Who knows the secrets of the mind,
 And every action will display.

PART II.

1 Almighty God ! eternal name,
 Who bidst the awful thunder roar ;
 Whose voice shakes all creation's frame,
 Whose mercy's boundless as thy power.

2 May I thy praises ever sing,
 When this frail world shall be no more,
 When all thy saints are gather'd in,
 And thine eternal truth adore.

3 There may I join th' angelic throng,
 To celebrate thy name above,
 Who art the Infinite unknown,
 And wondrous in thy saving love.

Hymn 24. L. M.

Christ our Instructor.

THOU great Instructor ! lest I stray,
 O teach my erring feet thy way ;
 Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
 Shall guide my youthful steps aright.

- 2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
 And wander o'er the world's wide field;
 My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
 Unite them all to fear thy name.
- 3 Then to my God, my heart and tongue,
 With all their powers shall raise the song;
 On earth thy glories I'll declare,
 And heaven my song of joy shall hear.

Hymn 25. L. M.

- E**TERNAL Being! Source of love!
 Permit us to approach thy seat;
 We have an Advocate above,
 And plead his merits at thy feet.
- 2 Us, thou hast call'd to labour here,
 To train the rising race for heaven:
 O may we do it in thy fear,
 And use the talents thou hast given.
- 3 What can we do without thine aid?
 Therefore to thee for help we fly;
 O may we never be dismay'd,
 For thou canst every want supply.
- 4 In some thy love a work has wrought,
 Which time we hope will not efface;
 May all their tender minds be brought
 To taste the riches of thy grace!
- 5 Lord! we will pray and labour still,
 And sow the seed with heart sincere;
 And if it be thy heavenly will,
 Soon may more pleasing fruits appear

Hymn 26. C. M.

On the death of a Teacher.

WHAT though the arm of conquering
death

Does God's own house invade ;
What though our *brother** and our friend
Be number'd with the dead !

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructing tongue ;

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart ;
Be thou our leader and our guide,
And rule in every heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer reigns,
We have a boundless store ;
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

Hymn 27. L. M.

Teachers' Prayer Meeting.

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise :

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

* Or sister.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Hymn 28. C. M.

Christ's love to the Young.

WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
 And dwelt with men below ;
 It was his glorious work to bless,
 And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claim'd his aid,
 Nor sought relief in vain ;
 While parents own'd his gracious help,
 He bless'd their infant train.

3 And now though Jesus reigns above,
 He makes the poor his care ;
 Their helpless children still he owns,
 And they his goodness share.

4 Untaught, and prone to ways of sin,
 They were a wretched race ;
 But now kind pity's voice they hear,
 Which calls to wisdom's ways.

5 Now are they taught to read that word
 Which makes the foolish wise ;
 O may they know a Saviour's name,
 And learn his worth to prize.

Hymn 29. S. M.

Importance of Religious Instruction.

HOW serious is the charge,
 To train the infant mind ;
 'Tis God alone must give a heart
 To such a work inclin'd.

- 2 May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.
- 3 While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside ;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.
- 4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless ;
We gladly join our heart and hands,
And look for large success.

Hymn 30. S. M.

Prayer.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed,
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give ;
O ! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

Hymn 31. L. M.

Same subject.

GREAT God ! behold, before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thy image bear.

Hymn 32. C. M.

Same subject.

LORD, we address thy heavenly throne,
Call us, poor children, thine ;
O ! hear us when we pray to thee,
And form our hearts divine.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free :
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow ;
With useful learning store ;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

Hymn 33. S. M.

Redemption.

HAIL, gracious, heavenly Prince,
To thee let children fly ;
And on thy kindest providence
O may we all rely.

2 Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care ;
And he will keep their youthful days
From every wo and snare.

- 3 He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth condemn ;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.
- 4 Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth ;
Nor would we ever cease our praise,
For the Redeemer's birth.

Hymn 34. C. M.

Same subject.

- B**LEST be the wisdom and the power
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord that sent his Son,
To take our flesh and blood ;
He, for our lives, gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we had disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Hymn 35. C. M.

Invitation.

- A**RISE, ye friends of men, arise,
Your pious toils renew ;
The sun ascends the eastern skies,
The Master calls for you.

- 2 No more let talents buried lie,
 No more let sloth prevail;
 But all your active powers employ,
 Ere yet the moments fail.
- 3 To cultivate the minds of youth,
 With all your hearts engage;
 And sow the early seeds of truth,
 In this their tender age.
- 4 That holy tempers, fruits of grace,
 May flourish here below,
 And rising crops of righteousness,
 In all the fields may grow.

Hymn 36. P. M.

Blessing asked.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

Hymn 37. C. M.

The Influence of Sunday Schools.

- H**OW should our souls delight to bless
 The God of truth and grace,
 Who crowns our labours with success
 Among the rising race.
- 2 Numbers of those who buried lay
 In grossest shades of night;
 Emerging thence, behold a day
 Of glorious Gospel light.
- 3 Once slaves of Satan, fond of sin,
 Nor God they feared nor knew;

But form'd afresh by power Divine,
 Know, fear, and love him too.
 4 Their joyful tongues employ'd to praise
 His all redeeming love ;
 To him their sweet hosannas raise,
 While they his mercies prove.

PART II.

1 Convinced of their lost, wretched state,
 Pardon and peace they found ;
 Now Satan's works they flee with hate,
 And tread on hallow'd ground.
 2 God's word is made their rule and guide
 They own their guilt and shame ;
 And glory in Christ crucified,
 And magnify his name.
 3 Not unto us, not unto us,
 Be praise and glory given,
 But unto him who bore the curse,
 The Lord of earth and heaven.
 4 To him we all this tribute owe,
 Who fills a gracious throne ;
 Since all the good that's done below,
 Is done by him alone.

Hymn 38. L. M.

Christ in the midst.

CAN we believe thy precious word,
 And not assemble in thy name,
 Sure if we meet, to meet our Lord,
 And catch thy whisper, " Here I am !"
 2 Where two or three, with faithful heart,
 Unite to plead the promise given,

As truly in the midst thou art
 As in the countless hosts of heaven.

Hymn 39. C. M.

The Mercy-seat.

NO, never shall my heart despond,
 Long as my lips can pray ;
 My latest breath, with effort fond,
 Shall pass in prayer away.

2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
 To calm the sinner's fears ;

There is a Saviour at whose feet
 The mourner dries his tears.

3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
 And gathering storms I see,

My soul is but the sooner driven,
 Eternal Rock, to thee !

4 O, for a voice of sweeter sound,
 For every wind to bear ;

To teach the listening world around
 The blessedness of prayer !

Hymn 40. C. M.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
 His sovereign right assert ;
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price :

The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire ;

And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire !

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Hymn 41. L. M.

THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O ! let me rise and haste away ;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favour of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 O, shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain ?
No ; let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more ;
I would not, then, endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

Hymn 42. L. M.

On opening School.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;

And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

Hymn 43. C. M.

How to read the Bible.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight :
Help me to love its author more ;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days ;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise

Hymn 44. C. M

A Sight of the Cross.

I SAW one hanging on the tree
In agonies and blood ;
Methought he turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the deed,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had shed,
And helped to nail him there.
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die,—that thou mayest live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

Hymn 45. L. M.

Brevity of Life.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

- 2 But all before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare,
In that eternal house above :
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

Hymn 46. L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's director ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face Divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows :
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Hymn 47. C. M.

God's Word more instructive than his Works.

THE starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these thy servants night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

2 But still thy law and Gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more Divine ;
 Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.

- 3 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book :
Great God ! if once compared with thine
How mean their writings look !
- 4 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth :
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Hymn 48. C. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture compared.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;

And from thy Gospel let me draw,
Pardon for all my sin.

Hymn 49. S. M.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

Hymn 50. C. M.

The inspired Word gives knowledge and joy

HOW precious is the book Divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Hymn 51. L. M.

The Lord is here.

THE Lord is here! He sees us too,
And watches every thing we do;
He sees us when we laugh and play,
And knows if we pretend to pray.

2 The Lord is here ! O let us be
 Afraid to sin, for God can see ;
 Lest we should be cast down to hell,
 And there in endless sorrow dwell.

Hymn 52. L. M.

Advantages of the word of God.

GREAT God ! mine eyes with pleasure
 look,
 On the blest volume of thy book ;
 There my Redeemer's face I see,
 And read *his* name who died for me.
 2 Let the false raptures of the mind
 Be lost and vanished in the wind :
 Here I can fix my hopes secure,
 This is thy word and must endure.

Hymn 53. S. M.

A Prayer in the House of God.

LORD ! fix my wand'ring thoughts
 Thy sacred word to hear,
 With deep attention, and with love,
 With rev'rence and with fear.
 2 Let me remember well
 That God is present here,
 And let my heart be all engaged
 When I draw near in prayer.
 3 And when thy praises shall
 My tuneful lips employ,
 Give me to taste that sweet delight,
 Which saints in heaven enjoy.
 4 So shall thy house to me
 More pleasure truly yield,

Than wicked children ever find,
That play about the field.

Hymn 54. L. M.

Book of Nature.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd, and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, and feel the sun.

Hymn 55. S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I,
Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

Hymn 56. C. M.

Sacred to Truth.

HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night,
 Diffusing o'er the mental world
 The healing beams of light.

2 Till thou appear, the wounded soul,
 In agonizing pain,

The way of peace incessant seeks,
 But finds her efforts vain.

3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid,
 Restrains our wand'ring feet,
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely sweet.

4 O, send thy light and truth abroad
 Thro' all our favour'd land ;
 And bid thy num'rous heralds fly
 At thy supreme command.

5 The banner of thy cross display,
 The signal of thy love !
 Till every tongue confess thy sway,
 And every heart approve.

Hymn 57. L. M.

Divine Love displayed in the Gospel.

NOW let my soul, eternal King !
 To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
 My knee with humble homage bow ;
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below and worlds above ;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths I read!
 There I behold my Saviour bleed:
 His name salutes my list'ning ear,
 Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
 Raises my grateful passions high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song
 Through endless years thy praise prolong,
 And distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

Hymn 58. C. M.

The Consolations of Scripture.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage:
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through thy promises I rove,
 With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glories rise.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest!
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Hymn 59. L. M.

The Holy Scriptures profitable for Doctrine, &c.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent Christ his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Now we may read the written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heaven,
Is by this sure conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are Divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love!
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation praise the Lord.

Hymn 60. C. M.

Covenant Hymn.

COME, let us use the grace Divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;

We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Hymn 61. C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, O ! the wolf is nigh !

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree :
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !

4 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Hymn 62. C. M.

Instruction from Scripture.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Hymn 63. S. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And light and life convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light,
 It calls dead sinners from the tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
 And all thy judgments just,
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 To guide me lest I stray.

- 5 My gracious God ! how plain
 Are thy directions given ;
 O, may I never read in vain,
 But learn my way to heaven !

Hymn 64. P. M. 7s.

Prayer for Illumination.

O THAT I, like Timothy,
 Might the Holy Scriptures know,
 From mine early infancy,
 Till for God mature I grow :
 Made unto salvation wise,
 Ready for the glorious prize.

2 Jesus, all redeeming Lord,
 Full of truth and full of grace,
 Make me understand thy word,
 Teach me in my youthful days,
 Wonders in thy word to see,
 Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open now my eyes of faith ;
 Open now the book of God ;
 Show me where the secret path
 Leading to thy blest abode :
 Wisdom from above impart,
 Speak the meaning to my heart.

Hymn 65. C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke ;

- A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy Name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

Hymn 66. S. M.

- A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power Divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,

Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more :
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain ;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

Hymn 67. P. M. 8s.

God manifested by his Son and Spirit.

O THOU, whom none hath seen or known,
 But he that in thy bosom lies,
 Thine heavenly best beloved Son,
 Creator both of earth and skies :
 He only knows and can explain,
 Thy Godhead to the sons of men.

2 Not all the things we read or hear,
 Can thee unto our souls reveal,
 Not all the art of man declare,
 Thy Spirit must the secret tell ;
 Into our deepest darkness shine,
 And manifest the things Divine.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
 The Spirit of thy Son impart,
 To us who humbly seek thy face,
 Who pray for light with all our heart ;
 And long to know thy blessed will,
 And all thy counsel to fulfil.

Hymn 68. C. M.

The Light and Glory of the Scriptures.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun !
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives and borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 His gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The path of truth and love ;
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

Hymn 69. C. M.

The same subject.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
 What endless glory shines
 For ever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines !

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joy,
 Attend the blissful sound.

3 Here may the wretched sons of want,
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

4 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast :
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

PART II.

- 1 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 2 O may these heavenly pages be
My study day and night ;
And still new beauties may I see,
With still increasing light !
- 3 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 70. C. M.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

- B**EHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives,
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !
- 2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot ;
But deep inscribed on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er every thought.
 - 3 Great Author of each perfect gift,
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful, wandering hearts
May hearken and obey.

Hymn 71. C. M.

The Command of God to instruct the Rising Generation, "Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children."

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old :
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bid us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace :
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Hymn 72. S. M.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me :
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell !
In me thy bowels move !
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Hymn 73. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free ;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.

Hymn 74. 4 8s, & 2 6s.

AND am I only born to die ?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains ?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ?
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day !

Hymn 75.

*Encouragement to young Persons to seek
the Lord.*

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 The Lord of all the worlds on high
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain,
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive joys,
Vain tempters of the mind:
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

Hymn 76. C. M.

Christ's regard to Children, Mark x, 14.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be !
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

Hymn 77. L. M.

Address to Children.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge
young,

Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue ;

Let thoughts divine your minds employ

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 To humble souls and broken hearts,
The God of mercy's ever nigh :
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

Hymn 78. P. M.

Christ's Invitation.

COME, children, 'tis Jesus commands,
The voice of your Saviour obey ;

When Jesus inviting you stands,
 No mortal should turn you away:
 The children he folds in his arms,
 Must surely be blessed indeed;
 Preserved by his grace from all harms,
 Enrich'd with the blessings they need.

2 Let parents with thankfulness own
 Th' encouragement Jesus has given,
 Delighted to hear him make known,
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 And when their young offspring they see
 Thus early to Jesus brought nigh,
 Their guardians and guides let them be,
 Till fitted to meet them on high.

3 Rejoice too, ye lambs of the flock,
 In Jesus, your Shepherd and friend:
 But seek, and still earnestly knock,
 Till grace in full glory shall end:
 A moment and Jesus shall come
 With thousands of saints in his train,
 And take all his followers home,
 For ever and ever to reign.

Hymn 79. P. M.

Advice to seek the Lord.

THOUGH children in stature and years,
 Religion is needful for you;
 Since children, it surely appears,
 Must answer for all that they do:
 'Tis needful for you that are young,
 To cleave to your heavenly Friend,
 To praise him with heart and with tongue,
 And still on his service attend.

2 Go, give him with Mary your heart,
 And learn without farther delay ;
 He'll teach you to choose the good part,
 Which ne'er shall be taken away ;
 His hand shall supply all your wants,
 Be they ever so many or great ;
 His love shall redress your complaints,
 And render your portion complete.

Hymn 80. S. M.

The same subject.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy Father God obey :
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guiding hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
 And seek him, while he's near,
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry,
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to heaven ;
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

Hymn 81. C. M.

The Heavenly Prize.

BEHOLD ! Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown displays,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While nature's frame decays.

2 Away each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim :

Now spring to seize immortal joys,
In the blest Saviour's name.

3 Ye hearts, that beat with strong desire,
The glorious prize pursue ;

Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

Hymn 82. C. M.

*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy
Youth, Eccles. xii, 1.*

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb :

2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy hours employ :
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

Hymn 83. C. M.

FAATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

Hymn 84. P. M.

HAPPY beyond description, he
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run !

Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

- 2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn :
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

Hymn 85. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Hymn 86. 6 lines 8's.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ,
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move;
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Hymn 87. P. M.

- H**OW happy, Lord, thy children are,
 From worldly grief, and worldly care,
 Those fatal snares removed !
 Thou dost for all their needs provide,
 And under thy pavilion hide,
 And nourish thy beloved.
- 2 Thou callest us to seek thy face,
 To learn the lessons of thy grace,
 And feel th' atoning blood :
 Thou talk'st to every heart sincere,
 That all thy pardoning voice may hear,
 And taste of angels' food.
- 3 Come, then, the life, the truth, the way ;
 Now in the morning of our day
 These clouds of sin remove :
 Make us unto salvation wise,
 And help us to secure the prize
 Of thy eternal love.

Hymn 88. P. M.

The Pleasure of Religion.

- 'T**IS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live :
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity ;
 Let me then make God my friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

Hymn 89. S. M.

- F**ATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true :

Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean :
An end of all my troubles make ;
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee ;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Hymn 90. C. M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Hymn 91. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
 Let thy salvation roll;
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take;
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee;
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood;
 Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
 We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
 Into thy fulness fall:
 Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
 Our God, our all in all.

Hymn 92. C. M.

TRy us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

Hymn 93. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

- L**O! the young tribes of Adam rise,
 And through all nature rove;
 Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
 And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires:
 But let the sinners know,
 The strict account that God requires
 Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares the throne on high,
 The frightened earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test?
 I'd give all mortal joys away,
 To be for ever blest.

Hymn 94. C. M.

The same subject.

- H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun.

The longer wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not till to-morrow's sun :
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Hymn 95. L. M.

Reflecting on the Danger of Delay.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death ?"

A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day !

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place !

Hymn 96. C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
 Repent, thy end is nigh :
 Death at the farthest can't be far :
 O ! think before thou die.

2 Reflect ; thou hast a soul to save :
 Thy sins, how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dark account ?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
 His time there's none can tell ;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume :
 But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Hymn 97. C. M.

HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 My ears attend the cry :
 " Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Shall lie as low as ours."

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom !
 And are we still secure !
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepared no more !

- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

Hymn 98. P. M.

HAPPY Samuel ! to God
 In his infancy restored,
 In his Maker's house he stood
 Minist'ring before the Lord :
 There he lived to God alone,
 Pure from sin's infecting stain ;
 Grew in years and wisdom on,
 Favour'd both by God and man.

- 2 Happy child ! who gain'd a place
 To his heavenly Lord so near ;
 Happier still who found the grace
 God's majestic voice to hear !
 Myst'ries hidden from the wise,
 From the prudent man conceal'd,
 God, the God of earth and skies,
 To a simple babe reveal'd.

PART II.

- 1 Lord of earth and skies, again
 To a child thyself make known,
 Chosen from the sons of men,
 Am I not thy sacred loan ?
 Yes, I to thy temple come
 By my parents' piety,
 Dedicated from the womb,
 Freely given up to thee.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, I surely am,
 But to me unknown thou art ;

Come, and call me by thy name,
 Whisper to my list'ning heart ;
 Stir me up to seek thy face,
 Claim me in my tender years,
 Manifest the word of grace,
 Speak, for now thy servant hears.

3 Fain I would, I would believe,
 Hear by faith thy pard'ning voice ;
 Of thy love, the knowledge give,
 Bid me, Lord, in thee rejoice ;
 Now thy gracious self reveal
 Speak in power and peace Divine ;
 Pardon on my conscience seal,
 Seal thy child for ever thine.

Hymn 99. L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 O all-atoning Lamb of God,
 I wait to see thy lovely face,
 I seek redemption in thy blood !

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
 My friend and advocate with God ;
 Give me the glorious liberty,
 Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
 The faithful promise I receive :
 Surely thy death shall raise me up,
 For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
 Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
 I shall receive the gracious power,
 And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 My flesh, which cries " it cannot be,"
 Shall silence keep before the Lord ;

And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

Hymn 100. C. M.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

Hymn 101. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly,
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy arms I fall,
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

Hymn 102. L. M.

- L**ORD, I despair myself to heal;
 I see my sin, but cannot feel:
 I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give:
 Thy gifts I only can receive;
 Here, then, to thee I all resign,
 To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.
- 3 With simple faith on thee I call;
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
 I wait the moving of the pool;
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure:
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart.

Hymn 103. L. M.

Prayer for Sincerity.

- A**Lmighty God, to thee I cry
 Assist a child's infirmity:
 Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
 While my heart wanders far from thee.

- 2 Ah! never let me speak a word
 But what with all my soul I mean;
 Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
 By whom my ev'ry thought is seen.
- 3 With what submissive lowliness,
 Shall I approach thy glorious throne?
 How can I hope by words to please,
 To praise a God I have not known?
- 4 I know nor what to do or say,
 Till thy bless'd Spirit I receive,
 And Jesus teaches me to pray,
 And Jesus teaches me to live.

Hymn 104. S. M.

Prayer for Knowledge and Grace.

- W**ITH humble heart and tongue
 My God to thee I pray;
 O make me learn, while I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days
 Teach me thy will to know;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace,
 Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.
- 4 O let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ:
 Be this, through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,
 Be my whole soul inclined,

O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

Hymn 105. C. M.

Complaint and Prayer.

HOW lost our state by nature is,
While enemies to God!

We wander from the ways of peace,
And throng the downward road.

2 Call'd in the morning of their day,
How few like us are blest!

Us, if we now the call obey,
And fly to Jesus' breast.

3 This, Lord, is our sincere desire,
To find our rest in thee;

To do whate'er thy laws require,
In true simplicity.

4 The inward change, the second birth,
By faith Divine to prove,

And practise all thy will on earth,
As angels do above.

Hymn 106. L. M.

Prayer for Grace.

THE Lord he knows the thoughts of men,
That they are foolish all and vain,

Till chasten'd by affliction's rod,
The sinners mourn, and turn to God.

2 O might his grace victorious prove,
And draw us with the cords of love,

To seek him in the dawn of day,
And gladly from our hearts obey.

3 Father, the kind instruction givo,
And let us now begin to live,
To live the life of piety,
To live like creatures born for thee.

4 Taught by the Spirit of thy grace,
O may we rightly count our days,
To wisdom's rules our hearts apply,
And, warm in life, prepare to die.

5 And when our spirits we resign
Into those gracious hands of thine,
Thy new-born children, Lord, receive,
With thee eternally to live.

Hymn 107. L. M.

We are but young.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The Gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
 Unnumber'd blessings on our head ;
 Then let our youth and riper days
 Be all devoted to his praise.

Hymn 108. L. M.

Invitation to Praise.

THUS far we're spared again to meet
 Before Jehovah's mercy seat ;
 To seek his face, to praise and pray,
 And hail another Sabbath day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
 Let every tongue his goodness speak,
 Who deigns his glory to display
 On each returning Sabbath day.

Hymn 109. P. M.

Our Promises vain without Grace.

TO God the Creator of all,
 My earliest tribute I pay,
 On him with humility call,
 And promise his laws to obey.
 I promise, alas ! but in vain,
 Unless he his Spirit bestow,
 From folly and sin to restrain,
 And keep me wherever I go.

2 O Father of mercies, attend,
 (Though now I in ignorance cry,)
 And teach me on him to depend,
 My Advocate there in the sky ;
 Whatever I ask in the name
 Of Jesus, I hear shall be done,
 As due to that innocent Lamb,
 As claim'd by thine heavenly Son.

3 That mercy I languish to feel,
 If mercy infuse the desire,
 My need of a Saviour reveal,
 My soul with the hunger inspire :
 O Father, an infant allure,
 In a way that I never have known,
 And me by thy Spirit assure.
 That mercy and Jesus are one.

Hymn 110. L. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
 Nor the vain pleasures of an hour ;
 My soul aspires to nobler things,
 Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 I seek for blessings more Divine,
 Than corn, or oil, or richest wine ;
 If these are sent, I'll praise my God,
 Withheld, still sound his praise abroad.

3 One thing I ask ; and wilt thou hear,
 And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
 Wisdom descending from above ;
 The choicest token of thy love :

4 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord ;
 To fear his name and keep his word ;
 To lead my feet in paths of truth,
 And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.

Hymn 111. C. M.

Good News of Salvation by Christ.

TIDINGS of grace now reach our ears,
 Let young ones all rejoice ;
 The words are fraught with sweetest love,
 'Tis Jesus' melting voice.

- 2 "Come unto me, incline your ear,
Hear, and your soul shall live;
A cov'nant I will make with you,
And all your sins forgive.
- 3 "My streaming blood shall purge away
The guilt of every sin;
My Spirit's warm enliv'ning beams
Shall life beget within.
- 4 "I'll be your righteousness and strength,
I'll lead you in the way,
Till you arrive to dwell with me
In everlasting day."
- 5 We gladly hear our Saviour's voice,
Which bids us sinners live;
O give us penitence and faith,
To us thy Spirit give.

Hymn 112. S. M.

Prayer for Self Knowledge and Grace.

FATHER of mercies, show
What we by nature were,
Children of wrath, and doom'd below
Eternal pains to bear;
When Jesus Christ thy Son
For helpless sinners died,
That all who trust in him alone,
May know thee pacified.

- 2 In him, if we believe,
Thy mercies we partake,
Who all good things art pleased to give
To man for Jesus' sake.

We durst not ask thine aid,
 Or hope t' obtain thy love,
 But that his blood for us was shed,
 And speaks for us above.

PART II.

- 1 Wherefore to thee we cry,
 Through thy beloved Son,
 And fix on him our steadfast eye,
 Who stands before thy throne;
 The good desires we feel,
 From him we own they came,
 And them, according to thy will,
 Present in Jesus' name.
- 2 Our prayers to his unite,
 And as thy Son's receive,
 And give, who ask in Jesus' right,
 To us,—thy blessing give:
 Whate'er we thus desire,
 The suit of Jesus is:
 Hear then, and raise thy glory higher,
 By our eternal bliss.

Hymn 113. C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit.

ALmighty God! eternal Lord!
 Thy gracious power make known;
 Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
 And melt the heart of stone.

- 2 Speak with a voice that wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise;
 And let his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart ;
 Lay up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear ;
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

Hymn 114. C. M.

Humility and Love of Christ.

WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
 He chose an humble birth ;
 And all-unhonour'd and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him may we be found below,
 In wisdom's path of peace ;
 Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
 When mothers round him press'd ;
 Their infants in his arms he took,
 And on his bosom bless'd.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 Thus in the circle of his arms
 May we for ever lie.

Hymn 115. C. M.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?

- Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Hymn 116. L. M.

- H**OW do thy mercies close me round?
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects ; my fears begone :
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.

Hymn 117. C. M.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end ?
 The numbers of thy grace.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
 Thy goodness I adore :
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
 That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road :
 And march with courage in thy strength,
 To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake ! awake ! my tuneful powers,
 With this delightful song,
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

Hymn 118. 8 lines 8's.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end :
 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

Hymn 119. L. M.

The Suffering, Dying Saviour.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour
dies !

Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound,
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

3 And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?

5 Come, gracious Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Hymn 120. L. M.

The Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above !

2 To save a guilty world he died !
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;

To him lift up your weeping eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace through him abound,
He can the richest blessing give :
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

4 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee :
Where else can helpless sinners go ?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

Hymn 121. C. M.

Jesus, a Sacrifice.

YONDER—amazing sight ! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide obscures the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And with th' amazed centurion cry,
“ *This is the Son of God.*”

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

Hymn 122. L. M.

Glorying in the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so Divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Hymn 123. L. M.

The Dying Love of Christ.

AMAZING love! that stoop'd so low,
 To view with pity's melting eye
 Vile men whose just deserts was wo!
 Amazing love! Did Jesus die?

2 He died! to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone:
 O, let his praise each hour employ:
 Till hours no more their circle run!

3 He died! Ye seraphs, tune your songs,
 Resound, resound the Saviour's name:
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

Hymn 124. P. M.

Redemption Finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure,
 Do those cheering words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
 "It is finish'd!"

Saints the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that was predicted:
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finish'd!"

Saints from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name,
 Hallelujah!
 Endless glory to the Lamb!

Hymn 125. C. M.

God's Blessing asked.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still:
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Conduct my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

Hymn 126. C. M.

Praise and Prayer.

ALMIGHTY God ! while earth and heaven
 Thy power and skill proclaim ;
 Wilt thou permit a child to sing
 The honours of thy name ?

2 The early dawn of opening life
 Has proved thy guardian care,
 And may I through all future years
 Thy grace and goodness share.

3 Now may I give myself to thee,
 And in thy name confide ;
 Most Gracious God ! O deign to be
 My Father, Friend, and Guide.

Hymn 127. L. M.

The exalted Saviour.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above :
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 *Jesus!* who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched sinner's place;
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?
- 4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all their boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.
- 5 Yet though for bounty so Divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

Hymn 128. 8's & 7's.

Infant Praise.

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to Thee;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee;
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son to die;
From eternal death to save us;
Glory be to God on high!

Hymn 129. C. M.

Invitation to Praise.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
 Now in our youthful days;
 Remember our Creator's love,
 And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And please the King of kings.

Hymn 130. C. M.

Dependence upon Christ.

ON Christ my Shepherd I'll depend,
 From him I will not stray;
 But still expect a blessed end,
 If he but lead my way.

2 Let faith and love still in me grow,
 Till my redemption come;

I am a stranger here below,
 But Christ will bring me home.

3 Thou art my life, my strength, my hope,
 On whom I will rely;

I cannot sink with such a prop;
 Lord, save me when I cry.

4 Now, gracious Lord, reach down thy hand,
 And take me up to thee;

Before thy throne, O may I stand,
 And all thy glory see.

5 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit, all Divine,

The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let heaven and earth combine.

Hymn 131. P. M.

Praise to Christ.

LET children proclaim their Saviour and
 King,
 To Jesus's name hosannas we sing :
 Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
 Who purchased salvation for all to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came
 down,
 And ransom'd with blood, and made us his
 own ;
 He suffered to save us from sin and from
 thrall ;
 And Jesus shall have us, who purchased us all

3 To him we will give our earliest days,
 And thankfully live to publish his praise ;
 Our lives shall confess Him who came from
 above,
 Our tongues they shall bless him, and tell of
 his love.

4 In innocent songs, his coming we shout,
 Should we hold our tongues, the stones would
 cry out,
 But Him without ceasing we all will proclaim,
 And ever be blessing our Jesus's name.

Hymn 132. L. M.

God made all Things.

IT WAS God who made the earth and
 skies ;
 Great are the wonders of his hand ;
 He is more powerful, good, and wise,
 Than any child can understand.

- 2 Bright angels bow before his face,
 And saints stand waiting round his throne,
 And in that holy, happy place,
 No sinful thoughts or words are known.

Hymn 133. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, full of grace Divine,
 To thy great name be praises paid,
 Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,
 And be thy will on earth obey'd.

- 2 Give us our bread from day to day,
 And all our wants do thou supply;
 With Gospel truths feed us we pray,
 That we may never faint or die.

- 3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
 Our each offence in love forgive;
 Teach us Divine forgiveness too,
 And let us free from evil live.

- 4 For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
 And all the glory waits thy name;
 Let every land thy grace adore,
 And sound a long, and loud Amen.

Hymn 134. C. M.

COME, let us all unite to praise
 The Saviour of mankind;
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
 Be with our voices join'd.

- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
 When angels try in vain;
 Their faces veil when they appear
 Before the Son of man?

- 3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame ;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name !
- 4 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given !
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

Hymn 135. L. M.

This is God's Day.

THIS day belongs to God alone,
This day he chooses for his own ;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven ;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week ;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sabbath should be pass'd
As if we knew it were our last :
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live !

Hymn 136. L. M.

Love of the Sabbath.

I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home ;

And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day ;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.

4 From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain ;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.

5 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise ;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

Hymn 137. L. M.

Prayer and Praise.

O THOU, whom high archangels praise,
Whose glory shines with brightest rays,
To thee our grateful hymns we tune,
For none can sing thy praise too soon.

2 O may thy grace be all our joy,
Let gratitude our tongues employ,
And lead young children, frail and weak,
Thy praise to sing, thy face to seek.

3 Deny us not our earnest prayer,
That we may all thy favour share ;

Be led to each good work and word,
As faithful servants of the Lord.

4 And bless our teachers, parents, friends;
And grant, where'er thy name extends,
That heathen children, too, may bring
Their songs of praise to Israel's King.

Hymn 138. S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood apply'd.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Hymn 139. L. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
heaven ?

3 How glad the heathen would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his Gospel known !

4 Then if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

Hymn 140. S. M.

Praise for our Christian calling.

O FOR a thankful heart
Our Father's love to own,
To taste how merciful thou art
In all that thou hast done !
How bountiful and kind
To us above the rest,
If blest with a contented mind,
We know that we are blest !

2 Thy providence hath cared
For our simplicity ;
For us the way and means prepared
Of rightly knowing thee ;
To glorify thy name,
Us thou hast early led ;
To serve and love the bleeding Lamb,
Who suffer'd in our stead.

3 Ah! let us not receive
 Thy choicest grace in vain ;
 Nor ever more thy Spirit grieve,
 Nor put our Lord to pain :
 Lightness and discontent,
 With every sin depart ;
 And let us each to thee present
 A willing, honest heart.

Hymn 141. P. M.

Another.

O THOU, whose providential grace
 Hath been in our behalf made known,
 From folly's paths, by secret ways,
 Whose eye hath drawn us into one,
 The things most excellent t' approve,
 And learn the power of dying love.

2 We lift our thankful hearts to thee,
 And gladly close with thy design ;
 With early zeal from evil flee,
 In following after Jesus join,
 And long to feel his sprinkled blood,
 And long to cry, " My Lord, my God !"

3 Father, to us thy Spirit give,
 Him in our youthful hearts reveal ;
 Him by whose precious death we live,
 Redeem'd from sin, and earth, and hell :
 Through him our Eden we regain,
 And then in heavenly glory reign.

4 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
 His blood to every soul apply ;

Assure us of our pardon'd sin ;
 Confirm and thoroughly sanctify :
 Preserve us for that endless rest,
 And take thy children to thy breast.

Hymn 142. P. M.

Another.—For Girls.

HOW highly favour'd, Lord, are we,
 Snatch'd from a world of vanity,
 And call'd in Jesus' name,
 To cultivate our tender mind,
 And peace and happiness to find
 With the atoning Lamb !

2 Our souls to God devoted are,
 And ask, and have our chiefest care
 To fashion and improve :
 The only ornament we seek,—
 A spirit calm, and mild, and meek,
 And rich in faith and love.

3 The one thing needful we pursue,
 And when we gain the prize in view,
 And when we faith receive,
 Still we renew the glorious strife,
 And trample down the pride of life ;
 To God alone we live.

PART II.

1 Clothed with humility and grace,
 Regardless of the fallen race,
 In angels' eyes we shine :
 A robe of righteousness we wear,
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,
 And bought with blood Divine.

2 By God approved, by man unknown,
The conquest of ourselves alone

We zealously desire :

The praise descending from above,
And none but our Redeemer's love
Our panting hearts require.

3 The Lord himself our portion is,
Unfading joy and solid bliss

We find with Jesus given :

We find, reclining on his breast,
Our present and eternal rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

Hymn 143. C. M.

Praise for Blessings of Life and Godliness.

COME, let us join our God to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end ;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father, and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy his care
Preserved our lives from harm :
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.

3 He gives us friends who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise ;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God ;
And tell of *all* his wondrous fame,
Who bought us with his blood.

Hymn 144. C. M.

For Mercies Temporal and Spiritual.

- W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more ;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street,
 Half naked I behold !
 While I am clothed from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold !
- 4 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.
- 5 Are these thy favours, day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

Hymn 145. L. M.

Gratitude with Contentment.

- F**OUNTAIN of blessing ! ever bless'd,
 Enriching all, of all possess'd,
 By whom the whole creation's fed,
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe ;
 From thee do all my comforts flow ;
 And every blessing that I need,
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire :
Content with little would I be ;
That little, Lord, must come from thee.

4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more ;
With Agur's wish content I live,
Nor grudge them all the world can give.

Hymn 146. C. M.

Spiritual Blessings preferred to Temporal.

WHAT are all earthly blessings, Lord,
Which our frail bodies prove,
Unless thou to our souls afford
The happiness of love ?

2 Our souls, (we ardently desire,)
Our souls vouchsafe to bless,
And into our young hearts inspire
The knowledge of thy grace.

3 We ask the wisdom from on high,
For love on thee we call,
Who never canst thyself deny,
But giv'st thyself to all.

4 Then let us with thy gifts receive
The Giver from above,
And never sin, and never grieve
The God whom once we love.

Hymn 147. C. M.

Contrition and Humiliation.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sighs ;

Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eyes :

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said " return ?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart ;
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys Divine.

Hymn 148. P. M.

Prayer for Pardon and Salvation.

ALL power to save, O Lord, is thine.
A Receive this ruin'd soul of mine,
Upon thy mercy cast !
Do with me what and as thou wilt,
But thoroughly purge away my guilt,
And save my soul at last.

2 What I into thy hands commend,
Keep and continue to defend,
In humble faith, I pray :
Evil and danger turn aside,
And me and my companions hide,
Against that awful day.

3 Then Lord, by thine almighty power,
Our bodies and our souls restore,
Committed to thy care ;

Our hidden life with Christ reveal,
And lift us to thy heavenly hill,
To see thy glory there.

Hymn 149. C. M.

Children's Prayer.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rules the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

Hymn 150. P. M.

Prayer for the Divine Image

MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God;
Come and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me just and good like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thine image rise
 A saint, a creature new :
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure and happy too :
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest,
 Should within the arms Divine
 For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher ;
 Thee descending on a cloud,
 When with ravish'd eyes I see,
 Then I shall be filled with God,
 To all eternity.

Hymn 151. L. M.

The Perfections of God Imitated.

LORD, I would be a child of thine,
 And thy blest image ever bear ;
 Deeply impress this heart of mine
 With glories which I cannot share.

2 Let these my admiration raise,
 And fill me with religious awe :
 Tune both my tongue and heart to praise,
 And bend me to thy holy law.

3 But where can I resemble thee,
 And in thy godlike nature share ;
 Thy humble follower let me be,
 Thy blessed likeness let me bear.

4 Pure may I be, averse to sin,
 Just, holy, merciful, and true ;

And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all I speak and do.

Hymn 152. P. M.

Living to Christ.

HOLY child of heavenly birth,
God made man to dwell on earth;
Virgin's Son, impart to me
Thy unsullied purity.

2 In my pilgrimage below
Only thee I pant to know;
Every creature I resign,
Thine, both soul and body thine.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Over me thy sway maintain:
Perfect loveliness thou art,
Take my undivided heart.

4 All my heart to thee I give,
All thy holiness receive;
Live to make my Saviour known,
Live to please my God alone.

Hymn 153. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he
 Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain !
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Hymn 154. C. M.

The Example of Christ.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace Divine :
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his Divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, by all his friends
 A friend and servant found :
 He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.

PART II.

1 Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood :
 His foes ungrateful, sought his life,
 He labour'd for their good.

- 2 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 3 Be Christ my pattern and my guide!
 His image may I bear!
- O may I tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share.

Hymn 155. C. M.

The Golden Rule.

- C**OME, let us search our ways and try;
 Have they been just and right?
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
 Have we still done the same?
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
 Nor injured his good name.
- 3 Have we not found our envy grow,
 To hear another's praise?
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
 By sly, malicious ways?
- 4 In all we sell, in all we buy,
 Is honesty our guide?
 Does thirst of gain, from virtue's path,
 Ne'er draw our feet aside?

Hymn 156. C. M.

The Right Use of Prosperity.

- M**Y gracious God! accept my prayer;
 If e'er thy love Divine
 Should prosper my well-meaning care,
 And wealth should e'er be mine;

- 2 O bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends ;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.
- 3 With conscious truth and honour still,
 My actions may I guide ;
 Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
 Nor scorn, but that of pride.
- 4 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
 To thee my tribute raise ;
 Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
 And wake each morn with praise.

Hymn 157. P. M.

Obedience to Parents and Superiors

HOLY child of heavenly birth,
 God made manifest on earth,
 Fain I would thy follower be,
 Live in every thing like thee.

2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
 Subject to thy parents here,
 Didst to me the pattern give,
 How with mine I ought to live.

3 Teach me then betimes t' obey
 Those who under God bear sway ;
 Masters, ministers to love,
 All their just commands approve.

4 Thy humility impart,
 Give me thy obedient heart,
 Free and cheerful to fulfil
 All my heavenly Father's will.

5 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
 Till his love delights to find,

Fairly copied out in me
All the mind that was in thee.

Hymn 158. C. M.

The same Subject.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

Hymn 159. C. M.

Shunning all Evil.

THEE, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my guide.

2 Govern'd by the ingrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhorr'd,
Or give to passion place.

3 From youthful lust I still would flee,
 From all the paths of vice :
 My omnipresent Saviour see,
 And walk before thine eyes.

4 Saviour, to me thy Spirit give,
 That through his power I may
 Thy words effectually believe,
 And faithfully obey.

Hymn 160. C. M.

The Shepherd.

THOU art our Shepherd, gracious Lord,
 Thy little flock behold ;
 And guide us by thy staff and rod,
 As children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To this delightful place ;
 Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
 As children of thy grace.

3 O may our teachers, toiling here,
 Meet us at last above ;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 As children of thy love.

Hymn 161. L. M.

God seen in his Works.

THY works proclaim thy glory, Lord ;
 The blooming fields, the singing bird
 The tempest, and the sunny hour,
 Show forth thy goodness and thy power.

2 And when the setting sun declines,
 I view thee in its brilliant lines ;

Those tints, so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.

3 Great God! how should our worship rise
To thee, who form'd the earth and skies;
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are view'd by thine all-seeing eye.

4 Then will I still adore thy name,
'Thou, who for ever art the same;
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

Hymn 162. L. M.

WE came into the world to do
The will of Him who placed us here,
And who their own desires pursue,
Can never in his sight appear.

2 What then shall of our souls become,
Used our own pleasure to fulfil?
Eternal death must be the doom
Of all that follow their own will.

3 But, O! to thee for help we cry,
Save, or we sink into the pit;
Ourselves assist us to deny,
And to thy blessed will submit.

4 Father, for Jesus' sake alone,
Thine all-sufficient grace impart;
Save us, in honour of thy Son,
And heavenward turn our selfish heart.

Hymn 163. C. M.

Revering God's all-seeing Eye.

ALmighty God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,

And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

Hymn 164. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
"Receive my soul !" he cries :
See where he bows his sacred head :
He bows his head, and dies !

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

Hymn 165. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power Divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn 166. P. M.

JESUS, Lord, we cry to thee,
 Help our souls' infirmity,
 Great unchangeable I AM,
 Make us ever more the same.

2 Plant in us thy constant mind ;
 To thy cross our spirit bind :
 That we may no longer rove,
 Ground and 'stablish us in love.

3 Love that makes us creatures new,
Only love can keep us true ;
Perfect love that casts out sin,
Perfect love is God within.

4 God within our hearts reside,
Then we shall in God abide ;
Always firm and faithful prove,
Fix'd in everlasting love.

Hymn 167. C. M.

Against the Praise of Men.

WHY should our parents call us good,
And poison us with praise,
When born in sin, by nature proud,
And void we are of grace ?

2 Who fancy righteousness in men,
Themselves they have not known ;
Evil are all our thoughts and vain,
And God is good alone.

3 Good of himself he only is,
And if he makes us good,
Our goodness is not ours, but his,
For Jesus' sake bestow'd.

4 Glory to God, if we receive
The smallest spark of grace ;
He only doth our goodness give,
And his be all the praise.

Hymn 168. C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.
- 5 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

Hymn 169. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

Hymn 170. L. M.

Against vain Conversation, and Folly in Dress.

IS it a thing of good report,
 To cut the hours of duty short?
 To squander life and time away?
 While toys and follies waste the day?
 2 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
 Well suit the honours of our birth?
 Shall we be fond of gay attire,
 Which children love, and fools admire?
 3 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
 Touch our vain minds with sacred fire;
 Then, with an elevated eye,
 We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
 4 We'll look on all the toys below
 With such disdain as angels do;
 And wait the call that bids us rise
 To promised mansions in the skies.

Hymn 171. C. M.

Against Cruelty to any Creatures

CREATION groans beneath its curse,
 And all that live complain;
 With hunger, thirst, disease oppress'd,
 And sore afflicting pain.
 2 The brute, the fowls, and insect small,
 And all respiring breath,
 To various miseries are prone,
 And to the pangs of death.
 3 Shall we who are so form'd to feel,—
 By reason taught to know,

Unpitying, wantonly increase
The living creature's wo?

4 The sons of Belial, savage like,
To cruelty inclined,
In acts of foul barbarity
Betray a savage mind.

5 Let every creature God hath made,
Your tenderest pity share ;
The merciful and gentle mind
Is God's peculiar care.

Hymn 172. L. M.

A Broken Heart I bring.

O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Hymn 173. C. M.

The Ways of Wisdom.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
 In folly and in sin,
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
 They glitter and are past;
 They yield us but a moment's joy,
 And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make these holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice!

Hymn 174. L. M.

On the Omnipresence of God.

THE Lord our secret sins espies;
 None can from him their actions hide:
 His wrath the guilty shall surprise,
 But who his vengeance can abide?

2 O Lord, thy gracious fear impart;
 Restrain us from unrighteous ways:
 Let grace and truth possess our heart,
 And upright joys crown all our days.

Hymn 175. C. M.

Against Lying.

THE liar who the truth denies,
 To cover his offence ;
 And by deceit a falsehood tries
 To gain his base pretence :
 2 Abhorr'd of men the wretch shall be ;
 None can a liar trust :
 His name is stain'd with infamy,
 And trampled in the dust !
 3 The Lord abhors the lying tongue,
 Addicted to defame ;
 He sees the base deceit and wrong,
 And brings the wretch to shame.
 4 He will the guilty liar shake
 In his most dreadful ire ;
 And fix his portion in the lake
 Of everlasting fire !

Hymn 176. L. M.

Another.

HAPPY the well-instructed youth,
 Who in his earliest infancy,
 Loves from his heart to speak the truth,
 And, like his God, abhors a lie.
 2 He that has practised no deceit
 With false, equivocating tongue,
 Nor even durst o'erreach or cheat,
 Or sland'rously his neighbour wrong ;
 3 He in the house of God shall dwell,
 He on his holy hill shall rest ;
 The comforts of religion feel,
 And then be number'd with the blest.

4 But those who guile or falsehood use,
Or take God's name in vain, or swear,
Or ever lie themselves t' excuse,
They shall their dreadful sentence bear.

5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
Himself hath said that every liar
Shall surely meet his just reward
Assign'd him in eternal fire.

Hymn 177. L. M.

Against Swearing.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name almighty God!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious Name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
That heavenly Father whom I love.

Hymn 178. P. M.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

IDL E boys and men are found
 Standing on the devil's ground :
 He will find them work to do,—
 He will pay their wages too.

2 Are they not of wisdom void,
 Those that saunter unemploy'd ?
 Young or old who fondly play
 Their important time away ?

3 What a bold and foolish lie,
 When we hear a trifler cry,
 " I no other business have :"
 Has he not a soul to save ?

PART II.

1 Let us now to Jesus turn,
 For our misspent moments mourn ,
 Let us in his Spirit's power
 Promise to stand still no more.

2 Jesus, help, to Thee we pray,
 Take the cursed root away ;
 Idleness far off remove ;
 Let us Thee and labour love.

3 All our time and vigour give,
 Serve our Maker while we live ;
 Use for God the talents given,
 Work on earth, and rest in heaven

Hymn 179. L. M.

God cares for Me.

GOD the Creator reigns above,
 And watches all whom he has made ;

He rules the world in bounteous love,
Sees the distress'd, and sends them aid.

- 2 Have I no parent? God will be
Far better than a parent could;
A kind, a gracious Friend to me,
For earthly and for heavenly good.
- 3 The hearts of all are in his power;
He bids the rich his children feed;
And he supports me every hour,
And gives me all I truly need.

Hymn 180. S. M.

Grace.

GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

- 3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Hymn 181. C. M.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Hymn 182. 10's & 11's.

APPPOINTED by Thee, we meet in thy
Name,

And meekly agree to follow the Lamb ;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

- 2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love !
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above :
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give !
Give us the salvation of all that believe !

- 3 O Jesus, appear, no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away ;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with Thee !

Hymn 183. C. M.

Hinder me not.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

- 3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command :

Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

Hymn 184. L. M.

Early Rising.

HOW foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light !
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies,
And mark with curious eye, the sun
Prepare his radiant course to run !

Hymn 185. C. M.

Grace.

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound !
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Hymn 186. C. M.

The Condescension of Christ.

LET children bless the Saviour's name,
 And sing his wondrous grace ;
 Who from the realms of glory came,
 To save our sinful race.

2 Though he was rich, in heaven above,
 From all eternity ;

He left his greatness out of love
 For sinners such as we.

3 The poorest child is scarce so poor
 As J  sus Christ became ;

When, our salvation to procure,
 He bore our sin and shame.

4 A manger for his cradle bed,
 Received him at his birth ;

He had not where to lay his head,
 Though Lord of heaven and earth.

5 Lord Jesus ! while we sing thy grace,
 We love thee and adore ;

But when in heaven we see thy face,
 Our souls shall love thee more.

Hymn 187. L. M.

The Feathered Tribe our Instructors.

WHEN morning comes, the birds arise,
 And raise their voice toward the skies
 With warbling notes, and hallow'd lays,
 They show their great Creator's praise.

2 Shall I, then, from my chamber go,
 Or any work presume to do,
 Before I've sought the God of heaven,
 And my just morning tribute given ?

3 Come, then, my soul, awake and pray,
And praise thy Maker day by day;
Bless him for raiment, health, and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode :

4 Lest every bird's harmonious song
Reproach me as I walk along,
Thoughtless of Him, whose guardian power
Upholds and keeps me every hour.

Hymn 188. C. M.

For the Morning.

MY God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies !

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines !

3 So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day :
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain !

Hymn 189. L. M.

Another.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last :
Thy talents to improve take care,
And for thy last account prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Hymn 190. S. M.

Morning and Evening.

A WAKE! my heart, awake!
Thy gracious God to praise,
Who condescends such care to take,
And lengthen out my days.

2 While some have pass'd the night
In restlessness and pain,
I rise in health t' enjoy the light,
And seek the Lord again.

3 This day will many die!
This hour what numbers go!
What if my soul be call'd to fly,
And I that change should know?

4 Lord, come and be my guide
Through this uncertain space.

Keep me for ever near thy side,
O grant a child thy grace!

Hymn 191. L. M.

Same subject.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Hymn 192. C. M.

The Ministry of Angels.

GOD'S angels come from heaven on high,
To keep me safe from harm;
To guard my head from danger nigh,
My bosom from alarm.

2 They keep a careful watch all night,
Around my peaceful bed;
They will not let an evil light
Upon my slumbering head.

3 They love to hear an infant pray,
And praise the name Divine;
I cannot hear their songs, but they
Can hear and join in mine.

- 4 They guard my path to heaven, and they
 At last my soul will bear
 Upon their shining wings away
 Their happiness to share.

Hymn 193. C. M.

Bible Examples.

I SAAC was ransom'd while he lay
 Upon the altar bound;
 Moses, an infant cast away,
 Pharaoh's own daughter found.

2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
 God raised above them all;
 To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
 How Eli's house must fall.

3 David the bear and lion slew,
 And on Goliath trod;
 Josiah, from his boyhood knew
 His Father, David's God.

4 Children are thus Jehovah's care,
 Thus youth may seek his face;
 Since his own Son he did not spare,
 With him he gives all grace.

Hymn 194. C. M.

Self Examination in the Evening.

A ND now, my soul, the circling sun
 Has all his beams withdrawn,
 Once more his daily race is run,
 And gloomy night comes on.

2 Thus one day more of life is gone,
 A doubtful few remain;

Come, then, review what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.

3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?

And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day?

4 This day, what conquest hast thou gain'd,
What sin is overcome?

What fresh degree of grace obtain'd
To bring thee nearer home?

5 O! do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprised by death;

And sink where mercy never beams,
When I resign my breath.

6 No! every day thy course review
Thy real state to learn;

And with renewed zeal pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

Hymn 195. C. M.

Evening Hymn.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!

Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,

And through the hour of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

Hymn 196. C. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word ;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven :
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven !

Hymn 197. L. M.

Another.

A GAIN my weekly labours end,
And I the Sabbath's call attend :
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let my devotions rise
To Heaven a grateful sacrifice ;
And God that peace Divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

Hymn 198. L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble on immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarm of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

Hymn 199. L. M.

The Lord's Day Evening.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go :
 'Tis like a little heaven below :
 Not all my pleasure and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The text and doctrines of thy word ;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things Divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

Hymn 200. S. M.

Life is a Span.

MY life's a narrow span,
 A short uncertain day ;
 And if I reach the age of man,
 It soon will pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
 This hour the summons hear,
 To call me where the wicked go,
 Or where the saints appear.

3 Teach me, with all my heart,
 Thy mercy to embrace ;
 May I from every sin depart,
 And seize the time of grace.

Hymn 201. C. M.

Delay not Repentance.

O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by;
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

Hymn 202. C. M.

Secret Devotion.

FATHER Divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 I'll leave behind all earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer,
Employ the silent hour.

4 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
 The day shall close in peace ;
 So wilt thou train me for the skies,
 Where joys shall never cease.

Hymn 203. 8's & 7's.

Thoughts of Death.

LET me think, if I were dying,
 (And I very soon must die,)
 On what hope am I relying ?
 To what refuge could I fly ?

2 Not a sister, nor a brother,
 Nor the holiest of men ;
 Nor a father, nor a mother,
 Could afford me refuge then !

3 They could only stand beside me,
 Smooth my pillow, mourn my fall ,
 But death's power would soon divide me
 From the dearest of them all.

Hymn 204. C. M.

I'll seek God.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace ;"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy love be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all I need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

Hymn 205. 7's.

The Child's Hymn.

POOOR and needy though I be,
 God my Maker cares for me;
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
 He is with me night and day,
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
 Once became as poor as I;
 He whose blood for me was shed,
 Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
 He will bless me with his smile;
 And when this short life is past,
 I shall rest with him at last.

Hymn 206. 7's.

For Morning and Evening.

GRACIOUS God! to thee I pray,
 Give me grace to pray aright;
 Guide and bless me every day,
 And defend me every night.

2 Let thy mercy, while I live,
 Every needful want supply;
 And thy blissful presence give,
 To support me when I die.

Hymn 207. L. M.

Work while it is Day.

THE short-lived day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast ;
 With rapid speed the moments run,
 In which the work of life is done.

2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
 So mortals hasten to the tomb ;
 As ships that skip along the sea,
 Or eagles darting on their prey ;

3 As vanishes the fleeting shade ;
 As flowers before the evening fade :
 Such is the life of feeble man ;
 His days are measured by a span.

4 I would not wish on earth to stay
 Beyond this short uncertain day ;
 But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
 The work appointed me below.

5 With willing heart and active hands,
 Lord, I would practise thy commands ;
 Improve the moments as they fly,
 And live as I would wish to die.

Hymn 208. C. M.

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.

THIS but a short uncertain space
 Allow'd us here to live ;
 Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
 And may no warning give.

2 Nor great, nor small, nor old nor young,
 His fatal dart can fly ;
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
 Without distinction die.

3 Each day we live may be our last,
 For any thing we know ;
 Ere the next minute may be past,
 We our last breath may draw.

4 And shall we trifle and delay,
 And still keep sinning on ?
 Neglect our souls from day to day,
 Till life and time are gone ?

5 The present moment let us seize,
 For that alone is ours ;
 Now set ourselves our God to please,
 With all our active powers.

Hymn 209. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

2 While friendship prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth imprint
 With awful power—*I too must die,*
 Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more :
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour ;
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey :
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

Hymn 210. C. M.

Character of Samuel.

- W**HEN Eli's sons by deeds profane,
 Their father's God denied,
 Destruction like a whirlwind came,
 And in disgrace they died.
- 2 But pious Samuel, young in years,
 The Lord of Hosts adored ;
 And ministered in holy things,
 According to his word.
- 3 With humble mien, submissive, meek,
 Before the priest he stands ;
 Anxious to know his Maker's will,
 And practise his commands.
- 4 The Lord his fervent offerings bless'd,
 And bless'd his future days ;
 And still shall youth his smiles obtain,
 Who live unto his praise.

Hymn 211. S. M.

Pray and not Faint.

- J**ESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain ;
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait ?
 He bids us never give him rest,
 But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer,
 He sees, he hears, and from on high,
 Will make our cause his care.

Hymn 212. P. M.

The Dying Saint.

WHEN life's tempestuous storms are
 o'er,

How calm he meets the friendly shore :

Who died on earth to sin !

Such peace on piety attends,

That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,

The good man's joy begins.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !

See the kind angels waiting now,

To lift his soul on high !

While eager for the blest abode,

He joins with them to praise the God

Who taught him how to die.

3 The horrors of the grave and hell,

Those sorrows which the wicked feel,

In vain their gloom display ;

For he who bids yon comet burn,

Or makes the night descend, can turn

Their darkness into day.

4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,

No sorrow wrests the struggling sighs,

As from the sinner's breast :

His God, the God of peace and love,

Pours sweetest comforts from above,

And soothes his heart to rest.

Hymn 213. S. M.

Who shall live in Heaven.

THERE is a land above,
 All beautiful and bright ;
 And those who love and seek the Lord,
 Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
 Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
 There good and happy beings dwell,
 And all are holy there.

Hymn 214. C. M.

Heaven.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
 Above the starry sky,
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
 Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey ;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.

Hymn 215. L. M.

Teacher's Illness.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 Regard our simple, earnest prayer,
 And make our teacher now thy care.

2 Preserve thy servant from the grave ;
Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save :
Back to our hopes and wishes give
Our teacher, Lord, and bid him live.

3 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the narrow way.

4 Around him may thy angels stand,
To bear him to a better land ;
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to the upper skies.

Hymn 216. L. M.

Eternity.

ETERNITY is just at hand ;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my precious time away ?

2 Eternity !—without a bound ;
To guilty souls a dreadful sound !
But O, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how Divine !

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

Hymn 217. L. M.

The Day of Judgment.

THAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When from death's awful slumber roused,
God's dread command all must obey.

- 2 Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And thro' the heavens tremendous roll;
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.
- 3 In glory see! the Judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.
- 4 The trumpct's loud and dreadful blast,
Sounds through the regions of the dead:
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.
- 5 All-righteous and eternal Judge!
When summon'd at thy bar to stand,
May I, acquitted and approved,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

Hymn 218. L. M.

Books opened.

METHINKS the last great day is come!
Do I not hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground?

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust;
Awed by the Judge's high command,
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful book display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my soul approve :
 There may I read my name enroll'd,
 And triumph in redeeming love.

Hymn 219. C. M.

A Child's Prayer.

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
 And then accept my prayer ;
 For thou canst hear the words I say,
 For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
 Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
 And though I am so young and small,
 Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive ;
 And make it still my chief delight
 To serve thee while I live.

4 Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call ;
 But keep me, more than all, from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

Hymn 220. C. M.

Christ's Love to the Young.

WHEN the Redeemer left his throne,
 And dwelt with men below ;
 It was his glorious work to bless,
 And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claim'd his aid,
 Nor sought relief in vain ;
 When parents own'd his gracious help-
 He bless'd their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,
 He makes the young his care ;
 And helpless children still he owns,
 And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read that word
 Which makes the foolish wise ;
 O may we know a Saviour's name,
 And learn his worth to prize.

Hymn 221. C. M.

Heaven.

O WORLD of bliss ! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !

2 There pain and sickness never come,
 There grief no more complains :
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No malice, strife, or envy there,
 The sons of peace molest :
 But harmony, and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.

4 There, no alternate night is known,
 No sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But glory from th' eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

5 O may this heavenly prospect fire
 My heart with ardent love ;
 May lively faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

Hymn 222. L. M.

Thanks for the Light.

O GOD! I thank thee that the night
 In peace and rest has pass'd away;
 And that I see my Father's smile
 In this fair light that makes it day.

2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
 As under thy all-seeing eye;
 Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
 And make me happy when I die.

Hymn 223. L. M.

Going to Sabbath School.

THE hour is come, I will not stay,
 But haste to School without delay,
 Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
 To trifle thus with precious time.

2 Say, shall my teachers wait in vain,
 And of my sad neglect complain?
 No! rather let me strive to be
 The first of all the family.

3 I should be there with humble mind,
 To seek the instruction I may find;
 And while I hear the sacred page,
 O may its truths my heart engage.

4 These golden hours will soon be o'er
 When I can go to school no more;
 How shall I then endure the thought
 Of having spent my time for naught?

Hymn 224. S. M.

Reliance on Divine Assistance.

HEIRS of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here;
 O let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too!

Hymn 225. P. M.

Social Worship.

WHERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done,
 There will I be (saith God) to bless,
 And every burden'd soul redress,
 Who worships at my throne.

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free;
 Impart the Spirit's gracious power,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

Hymn 226. L. M.

Prayer for Children.

- O** LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
 We bring these children to thy throne
 Give them with thee a heavenly place,
 Let them be thine, and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from them each stain of guilt,
 And let them all be sanctified;
 Lord! thou canst cleanse them if thou wilt,
 And all their native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for them earthly bliss,
 Or earthly honours, wealth, or fame;
 The sum of our desires is this,
 That they may love and fear thy name.

Hymn 227. L. M.

New Year's Day.

- G**OD of my life, thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each op'ning
 year;
 This guilty life dost thou prolong,
 And wake anew my annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since from this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 "I shall retain this vital breath,
 Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God!
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;

It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee my spirit I resign,
O! make and own it still as thine;
So shall it smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

Hymn 228. P. M.

For Easter.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day—
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done:
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal:
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death, in vain, forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again, our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Hymn 229. C. M.

Christ in the Prayer Meeting.

JESUS, unite our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our meetings every where,
Be thou our aim alone.

- 2 Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign ;
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

Hymn 230. S. M.

All one in Christ.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

- 3 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Hymn 231. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
“ Hear what the Lord has done for me ! ”

Hymn 232. C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

Hymn 233. L. M.

God every where.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be one who sees my way?
 Yes, God is as a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control?
 No; for a constant watch he keeps,
 On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone,
 On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
 He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
 I must within his presence dwell,
 I cannot from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee; he shows me where:
 To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
 And while I seek for pardon there,
 There's only mercy in his eye.

Hymn 234. S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love,
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Hymn 235. C. M.

Invitation to Praise.

- C**OME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath bless'd,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,

When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

Hymn 236. L. M.

FOR CHILDREN IN CHARITY SCHOOLS.

Gratitude for the Advantages of a School.

GREAT source of good ! our youthful lays,
Inspired by thine all-bounteous hand,
Unite to celebrate thy praise,
Whose praise is due from every land.

2 Though humbly born, yet through thy care
Extended wide as boundless space ;
The poorest of us now may share
The richest treasures of thy grace.

3 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
We owe to thy paternal love :
Assist us, Lord, while we prepare
For nobler joys in heaven above !

4 Thee may our lips and lives express
The sense we have of love Divine !
And with our latest breath we'll bless
Those generous friends who make us thine !

Hymn 237. S. M.

Dismission.

WE now from school depart,
Grace in God's house to seek :
Be present, Lord, with every heart,
There, and throughout the week.

- 2 May Father, Spirit, Son,
 Rule us in peace and love ;
 And when on earth thy will is done,
 Receive our souls above.

Hymn 238. 8's.

The Teacher in view of Death.

- T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent, I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee ;
 O strike off the adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
 When array'd in thy glory I shine,
 And no longer pierce with my sins
 The bosom on which I recline.

Hymn 239. C. M.

On the Opening of a School.

- O**N this auspicious happy day,
 What incense shall we bring ?
 What grateful, humble homage pay
 To our almighty King ?
- 2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd,
 As 'tis by those above ;
 What is th' employment of the bless'd,
 But songs of praise and love !

3 That breath which we from heaven receive,
 We thus in hymns restore ;
 And while we on his bounty live,
 We'll wonder and adore.

4 Rescued from want, and vice, and shame,
 We'll all our future days
 Our great Creator's love proclaim,
 And live but to thy praise.

Hymn 240. C. M.

For an Annual Meeting of Charity Children.

A GAIN the kind revolving year
 Has brought this happy day !
 And we in God's blest house appear,
 Again our vows to pay.

2 Our watchful guardians robed in light,
 Adore the heavenly King :
 Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright,
 Incessant praises sing.

3 They know no want, they feel no care,
 Nor ever sigh as we ;
 Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
 And all is harmony.

4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
 Or raise their raptures higher,
 New joys in heaven at sights like this,
 New anthems fill the choir.

5 With what resembling care and love
 Both worlds for us appear !
 Our friendly guardians, those above,
 Our benefactors here.

Hymn 241. L. M.

Universal Praise.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Hymn 242. S. M.

At Parting.

ONCE more before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,
 Record his mercies, every heart,
 Sing every tongue the same.

Hymn 243. L. M.

Praise.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 244. C. M.

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

APPENDIX.

Hymn 245. P. M.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voices join
 To sing a song of praise :
 For favours so Divine,
 Our grateful notes we'll raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
 His love demands your noblest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 When wand'ring far astray,
 In paths of vice and sin,
 You kindly pointed out
 The danger we were in.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone be all the praise,
 Who turns your feet from sinful ways

CHILDREN.

3 Now we are taught to read
 The book of Life Divine ;
 Where our Redeemer's love
 Through all the pages shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
 Whose sacred book is sent to you.

CHILDREN.

4 Within this sacred house
 Our youthful feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise abound,
 And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring,
 And with his saints his glories sing.

CHILDREN.

5 For favours such as these,
 Our grateful thanks receive,
 Lord, here accept our hearts,
 'Tis all that we can give.

CONGREGATION.

Great God ! accept their infant songs,
 To thee alone the praise belongs.

CHORUS.

6 Lord, let this glorious work
 Be crown'd with large success !
 May thousands yet unborn
 This institution bless !
 Then shall thy praise be sounded high,
 Throughout a vast eternity.

Hymn 246. L. M.

CONGREGATION.

GREAT God ! accept our songs of praise,
 Which we would to thy honour raise ;
 Bless our attempts to spread abroad
 The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

CHILDREN.

2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
 To those who did compassion show,
 In kindly pointing out the road
 That leads to Christ, the way to God.

CONGREGATION.

3 We claim no merit of our own ;
 Great God ! the work is thine alone !
 Thou didst at first our hearts incline
 To carry on this great design.

CHILDREN:

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
 To hear God's word, to keep his day :
 Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
 Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

CONGREGATION.

5 With those dear children we'll unite
 Their songs inspire us with delight :
 Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
 May angels join the notes above.

CHILDREN.

6 Great God ! our benefactors bless,

CONGREGATION.

And crown thy work with great success :

BOTH.

O may we meet around thy throne,
 To sing thy praise in strains unknown.
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.
 Hallelujah.

Hymn 247. L. M.

By the Children and Choir.

CHILDREN.

RICH is the sacred song that swells
 Where God in light and glory dwells;
 What joyful choir their notes combine?
 Who utter music so divine?

CHOIR.

2 'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
 Which ransom'd children sing above;
 Early to God their hearts were given,
 And now they dwell with him in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3 O, who may hope with them to be,
 And join their tones of harmony?
 Who can escape from earth and sin,
 And pure and holy be within?

CHOIR.

4 In strength Divine, the youngest may
 Begin a holy life to-day;
 Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
 That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

CHORUS.

5 Dear Saviour, may thy Spirit's call
 Produce its blest effect on all;
 Thine be the remnant of our days,
 And every breath be love and praise.

Hymn 248. C. M.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore him,
 Lord of all, he reigns above ;
 Come and worship now before him,
 He hath call'd you by his love ;
 He will grant you every blessing
 Of his all-abounding grace ;
 Come, with humble hearts expressing
 All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
 We will join in praises meet ;
 Every bosom free from sadness,
 All with happiness replete.
 O to feel the love of Jesus !
 O to know that, from above,
 Still our heavenly Father sees us
 With an eye of tender love !

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore him ;
 Swell aloud the joyful strain :
 Let the nations bow before him,
 Echo back the notes again.
 While he will accept the praises,
 E'en from every heart and tongue,
 Those to him an infant raises,
 Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
 Now ascends to thee alone ;

We would come, with all the nation,
 Now to worship at thy throne.
 Teachers! will you join the chorus?
 Join in hymning forth his praise,
 Who, for our redemption, shows us
 All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
 Gladly now we all unite;
 Praise to thee, O God! the Giver,
 Blessed Lord of life and light!
 Ransom'd nation, spread the story!
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
 All his grace, and all his glory,
 O proclaim for evermore!

Hymn 249. L. M.

A GAIN we hail the joyful day,
 That welcomes in another year;
 Again with our thanksgiving lay,
 We in thy courts, O God! appear.

2 And will the King of glory deign
 To take the offering children bring?
 Will he whom heaven cannot contain,
 Stoop to the earth, to hear us sing?

3 Thou wilt, O Lord! thou great and high!
 Thyself hast taught us by thy word,
 That to thine ear the softest sigh
 Of youthful penitence is heard!

4 The voice of praise to thee is known,
 Though but the lisp of infancy;
 Its triumphs reach thy lofty throne,
 And is well pleasing unto thee.

- 5 Though nobler strains than mortals know,
 Higher than e'er reach'd mortal thought,
 Would from our lips in rapture flow,
 If we should praise thee as we ought.
- 6 We are the children of thy care;
 Distinguish'd light on us has shone;
 And often on the wings of prayer
 Are we presented to thy throne.
- 7 When fierce disease, in league with death,
 Spread desolation o'er our land,
 We, saved from its ail-blighting breath,
 Adore thy all-preserving hand.
- 8 Then we, O God! our incense bring
 On this our youthful festal day,
 And joyfully hosannas sing,
 'Tis our thanksgiving New-Year's lay.

Hymn 250. (*Marseilles.*)

O THOU! whom angel choirs adoring,
 With holy awe their triumphs raise;
 And seraphim with rapture soaring,
 Cry, "Great and marv'lous are thy ways:"
 Deign to regard our youthful voices,
 That join to swell the choral strain,
 To sing the wonders of thy reign,
 The theme that heaven and earth rejoices.
*Loud hallelujahs ring,
 To God whom we adore,
 The wonders of his name we'll sing,
 Hosannas evermore.*

2 So great and high, so condescending,
 The mighty God, the children's Friend,
 Who made the sky;—those skies are bending,
 Listening to hear our song ascend.

Seraphs approach with veiled faces,—
 Yet he once said of such as we,
 Suffer them to come unto me,
 And folded them in his embraces.

Loud hallelujahs, &c.

3 Graciously pointed to this Saviour,
 By those who teach us in his fear;
 We will prize the precious favour,
 And to him will venture near:
 He will crown us with his blessing,
 He will number us with those
 Who his kingdom on earth compose,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy possessing.

Loud hallelujahs, &c.

4 Years pass away like waves of ocean;
 Manhood comes on with rapid pace;
 On the strong tide of life's commotion,
 Swiftly launch the rising race.
 By the sure word of thy direction,
 O may our pathway be to thee!
 Where with angelic ecstasy
 We'll glory in thy safe protection.

Loud hallelujahs, &c.

Hymn 251. S. M.

New Year.

ON this our festal day,
 We in thy courts appear,—
 To thee our grateful vows to pay,
 O Thou! whom angels fear.

2 And wilt thou condescend
 To own our sacrifice,

And let the waiting heavens bend
To bear it to the skies.

3 Taught by thy word of truth,
That children came to thee,—
We come, a company of youth,
Before thy majesty.

4 Lord, we have ever been
The children of thy care ;
And as a father we have seen
That thou dost with us bear.

5 Though we have often err'd,
And fear we grieve thee much,
We learn from thy most holy word,
That thou dost pity such.

6 O! through the present year,
While we instruction gain,
May it by all we do, appear
That it is not in vain.

Hymn 252. L. M.

Same subject.

ALMIGHTY God! by whose command,
The seasons change and pass away,
'Tis by thy all-preserving hand,
We're spared to see this New-Year's day.

2 Age, youth, and infancy are here,
Their one united song to raise ;
O! may it reach thine holy ear,
Ancient of everlasting days !

3 To thee, and unto thee alone,
The passing years no changes tell :

Thou sittest ever on thy throne,
Eternally, unchangeable.

4 We pass away, and every year
Some enter in eternity:
Not twice the same assembly here,
Have join'd in our festivity.

5 Yet we rejoice, that we may learn,
From those who teach us in thy fear,
To hail our festival's return,
By due improvement every year.

6 O! that beyond time's rapid flight,
When earthly changes are all done,
Teachers and children may unite
In praise to thee, ETERNAL ONE.

Hymn 253. C. M.

HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ the children's King;
His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

5 Hosanna then our song shall be,
 Hosanna to our King ;
 This is the children's jubilee,
 Let all the children sing.

Hymn 254. C. M.

For Christ's Nativity.

WHAT tho' no harp with golden string,
 Our grateful hymn shall swell,
 Yet here our hearts we humbly bring,
 On Jesus' love to dwell.

2 O could we with seraphic songs,
 This holy temple fill,
 Then would we use our flaming tongues,
 And sing a Saviour still.

3 High would we praise "the Morning Star,"
 Which beam'd on error's night,
 That chased the gloom of sin afar,
 And brought immortal light.

4 O may we, when his flocks shall rest,
 Upon the heavenly plain,
 Be with our Shepherd's smile caress'd,
 And sing his love again.

5 Yes, holy Saviour, thee wo'll own,
 Creation's powerful God,
 And sing before thy lofty throne,
 Redemption in thy blood.

Hymn 255.

Same subject.

COME, children, tune your voices,
 Unto a joyful lay ;
 Lo ! heaven and earth rejoices
 On this most happy day ;

All glory now is sounding,
 From seraph bands on high,
 And saints the strain resounding,
 All glory, glory cry.

2 O ! why this exultation ?
 This bursting ecstasy ?
 This joyous adoration ?

Angels and men agree,
 To raise the swell of glory,
 And join in holy mirth :
 It is the wondrous story,
 Of the Redeemer's birth !

3 Then, children, join in praising :
 Ye too your tribute bring ;
 In highest chorus raising
 Hosannas to your King ;
 Once youthful voices blended
 In this sweet strain of praise ;
 And Jesus condescended
 To listen to their lays.

4 Sing of the condescension
 Of Him who came to save ;
 Who, for the world's redemption,
 Himself a victim gave :
 He dwelt in heaven's high splendour,
 For us He left the skies ;
 O Lord ! our praise we render,
 For such a sacrifice.

Hymn 256. C. M.

SHALL Bethlehem forget her night,
 Nor wait the ling'ring dawn,
 Shall shepherds led by angel light
 Go seek the Holy One ?

And we, for whom the Just One came,
 For whom he left yon throne,
 Shall we not dwell upon his name,
 Nor sing his love our own ?

2 Shalt thou, beloved Jerusalem,
 Where stood His house of prayer,
 Be fill'd as with seraphic flame,
 When children choirs are there ?
 And shall not we, His courts who tread,
 The child's hosanna yield,
 Though on his path no mantle's spread,
 Nor gold our offerings gild ?

3 No, Jesus, no ! we'll not withhold
 The praise that wakes the earth ;
 Had we ten thousand harps of gold,
 We'd chant the Saviour's birth ;
 Thou art our Shepherd—we thy lambs,
 Thy fold, the plains of heaven,
 And here and there, to Jesus' name,
 Our endless praise be given.

Hymn 257. C. M.

ENCOMPASS'D in an infant's form,
 The holy Jesus came ;
 Though heaven was his lofty throne,
 And over all his name.

2 When night o'er Bethlehem had spread
 Her wide and starry veil,
 When not a shepherd's lute was heard,
 And all their flocks were still :

3 The sapphire portals of the sky
 Were op'd by angel hands,
 And Jesus' advent from on high,
 Was sung by angel bands.

- 4 Like heaven's lamp, the eastern star,
Hung o'er his natal place,
To guide the Gentiles from afar,
To hail the Prince of Grace.
- 5 We, too, would own the high-born Grace,
Would e'er obey his truth,
And yield to him our humble praise,
The faithful Friend of youth.
- 6 He own'd us once, his tender lambs,
He bade his shepherds feed ;
And He to endless years the same,
Will guard the paths we tread.

Hymn 258. (*For Christmas.*)

" Watchman ! tell us of the night."

JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
God the Father's only Son ;
He, whom angel hosts revere,
Came from heaven to sojourn here :
Such a form as mortals bear,
Thou, O Christ, didst deign to wear !
Manhood, youth, and infancy,
Jesus, all were known to thee.

2 O, what condescending grace,
Shown toward a sinful race ;
Man was lost, but Jesus came,
Hallelujah to his name !
Hearts attuned to melody,
Jesus, we will raise to thee ;
And with angel songsters cry,
Glory be to God on high.

3 Jesus, while thou wast below,
Thou to all thy love didst show,

And didst say to such as we,
 Suffer them to come to me :
 Wilt thou not pronounce us blest ?
 Let on us thy blessing rest,
 Grant that we may be of those
 Who thy kingdom shall compose.

Hymn 259. (*Christmas Ode.*)

"From Greenland's icy Mountains."

HAIL to the joyful morning,
 That saw a Saviour's birth,
 When angels brought the warning,
 That God was come to earth !
 Prepare the way before him,
 And make rough places plain ;
 Let all the world adore him,
 For Jesus comes to reign !

2 He comes to bring salvation,
 To every soul of man ;
 For all of every nation
 Are compassed in his plan :
 He comes ! the Prince of Glory,
 (Earth ! let thine honours fade,)
 For hark ! how strange the story,
 He's in a manger laid.

3 Then bring forth your oblations,
 And lay them at his feet ;
 Make known your obligations,
 By paying homage meet :
 Forget your notes of sadness,
 Sing your Redeemer's birth,
 And let the shout of gladness
 Re-echo through the earth.

Hymn 260. L. M.

THERE'S triumph in the worlds above,
 And pleasure marks each seraph glance,
 When youth unite in works of love,
 Christ's glorious kingdom to advance.

2 And He who saw the widow's mite,
 When cast into the treasury,
 Views every pittance with delight,
 And loves the early charity.

3 The offerings are as heralds sent,
 "To bear the everlasting news,"
 And every farthing here that's lent,
 Shall help its triumphs to diffuse.

4 For 'tis but lent, so saith the Lord,
 And he that gives receives still more ;
 Ten-fold on earth is the reward
 Of him who lends the Lord his store.

5 And then when youth and time are past,
 So nobly spent in acts of love,
 How sweet the recompense at last,
 To join the cherub band above.

Hymn 261.

Missionary.

THE heralds now are flying,
 To bear the news of grace,
 To those in anguish sighing,
 Its offers to embrace ;
 The trump of God they're sounding,
 O'er east, west, south, and north,
 Where error was abounding,
 The Gospel has gone forth.

2 Behold the light is gleaming,
 From distant lands afar,
 Ye see by its bright beaming,
 The risen Morning Star ;
 Where once the lands were shrouded,
 Enwrap'd in shades of night,
 Their skies are now unclouded,
 Illumed with heavenly light.

3 Yet some are still benighted,
 Nor see the truth's bright ray,
 One gleam, and they are lighted,
 And night is turn'd to day ;
 Then haste with your commission,
 Ye messengers of flame,
 Fly, fly to every region,
 To tell Messiah's name.

4 He who in former ages,
 Most mighty deeds hath done,
 Shall, as his word engages,
 Speak through you by his Son
 And many a sign and wonder,
 His kingdom shall proclaim,
 'Till every cloud shall sunder,
 And Christ return to reign.

Hymn 262. 7's & 6's.

Salvation for the Heathen.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,

- They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny.
 Salvation ! O, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim ;
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,—
 And you, ye waters, roll,—
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 263.

Palestine.

THEY have gone to the land where the
 patriarchs rest,
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid,

Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,

And Jehovah his wonders display'd.

To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod ;

Where he labour'd, and languish'd, and bled ;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascend-
ed to God,

As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy
have gone

To the land where the martyrs once bled ;
Where the “beast and false prophet” have
since trodden down

The fair fabric that Zion had laid ;
Where the Churches once planted, and water-
ed, and blest,

With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathen
possess'd ;

And the places that knew them, defiled.

3 They go to the land where the Indians now
dwell,

Impell'd by the love of their Lord ;
His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
As reveal'd in his excellent word.

“Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their
shield,

From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, and might, from on high.”

INDEX.



A charge to keep I have	-	Page 8
Again my weekly labours end	- . -	123
Again the kind revolving year	- . -	148
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed	- . -	73
All hail the power of Jesus' name	- . -	5
All power to save, O Lord, is thine	- . -	94
Almighty Father, heavenly King	- . -	95
Almighty God, thy word is cast	- . -	12
Almighty God, to thee I cry	- . -	65
Almighty God, thy piercing eye	- . -	103
Almighty God, eternal Lord	- . -	72
Almighty God, while earth and heaven	- . -	80
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound	- . -	116
Amazing love that stoop'd so low	- . -	78
Am I a soldier of the cross	- . -	143
Among the deepest shades of night	- . -	144
And am I only born to die	- . -	48
And are we yet alive	- . -	43
And now, my soul, the circling sun	- . -	121
And now another day is gone	- . -	122
Angels that high in glory dwell	- . -	112
Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name	- . -	115
Arise, ye friends of men, arise	- . -	25
Assembled in our school once more	- . -	29
Awake, my heart, awake	- . -	119
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	- . -	118
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	- . -	114
Behold, Jehovah's royal hand	- . -	52
Behold that wise, that perfect law	- . -	46
Behold the morning sun	- . -	41

Behold the sin-atonig Lamb	. .	76
Behold the Saviour of mankind	. .	104
Behold where, in a mortal form	. .	98
Be it my only wisdom here	. . .	9
Blest be the dear uniting love	. .	64
Blest be the wisdom and the power	. .	25
Blest be the tie that binds	. . .	144
Can we believe thy precious word	. .	27
Children, awake, nor slumbering lie	. .	15
Children of the heavenly king	. .	9
Children in years and knowledge young		50
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	. .	141
Come, children, 'tis Jesus commands	. .	50
Come, children, hail the Prince of peace		14
Come, let us join the hosts above	. .	6
Come, let us use the grace Divine	. .	39
Come, let us all unite to praise	. .	84
Come, let us join our God to praise	. .	91
Come, let us join with one accord	. .	145
Come, let us search our ways and try	. .	99
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	. .	105
Come, ye that love the Lord	. . .	107
Creation groans beneath its curse	. .	108
Eternal Being! source of love	. .	20
Eternity is just at hand	. . .	134
Father, adored in worlds above	. .	16
Father Divine, thy piercing eye	. .	126
Father, I stretch my hands to thee	. .	53
Father, I dare believe	. . .	56
Father of mercies, in thy word	. .	45
Father of mercies, show	. . .	71
For ever here my rest shall be	. .	57
Fountain of blessing, ever bless'd	. .	92
Fountain of life, to all below	. .	58
From all that dwell below the skies	. .	149

God of my life, thy constant care	140
God, the Creator, reigns above	113
God's angels come from heaven on high	120
God, who in various methods told	39
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	114
Gracious God, to thee I pray	128
Great God, behold before thy throne	23
Great God, and wilt thou condescend	16
Great God, thy watchful care we bless	7
Great God, with wonder and with praise	33
Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look	35
Great source of good, our youthful lays	146
Hail, gracious, heavenly Prince	24
Hail sacred truth, whose piercing rays	37
Happy beyond description, he	54
Happy the well-instructed youth	111
Happy Samuel, to God	62
Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound	61
Hark, the voice of love and mercy	79
Hark ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	13
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	59
Hear, Lord, the song of praise and prayer	10
Heirs of unending life	139
Holy child of heavenly birth	97, 100
How can a sinner know	87
How do thy mercies close me round	74
How foolish they who lengthen night	116
How happy, Lord, thy children are	56
How highly favour'd, Lord, are we	90
How lost our state by nature is	67
How precious is the book Divine	34
How sad our state by nature is	64
How serious is the charge	22
How should our souls delight to bless	26
How shall the young secure their hearts	41

Humble praises, holy Jesus . . .	81
Hungry, and faint, and poor . . .	23
I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power . . .	70
Idle boys and men are found . . .	113
I love to have the Sabbath come . . .	85
In all my Lord's appointed ways . . .	115
In God's own house for me to play . . .	12
In the soft season of thy youth . . .	53
Isaac was ransom'd while he lay . . .	121
I saw one hanging on the tree . . .	30
Is it a thing of good report . . .	108
Jesus, and shall it ever be . . .	97
Jesus Christ has lived and died . . .	14
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep . . .	40
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord . . .	30
Jesus, united by thy grace . . .	42
Jesus, I fain would find . . .	47
Jesus, Lord, we cry to thee . . .	105
Jesus, who knows full well . . .	131
Jesus, unite our hearts to thee . . .	141
Leader of faithful souls, and guide . . .	55
Let children bless the Saviour's name . . .	117
Let children hear the mighty deeds . . .	47
Let children proclaim their Saviour and King . . .	83
Let children that would fear the Lord . . .	101
Let him to whom we now belong . . .	28
Let me think if I were dying . . .	127
Let us adore the grace that seeks . . .	18
Let party names no more . . .	142
Lord, fix my wand'ring thoughts . . .	35
Lord, in the strength of grace . . .	36
Lord, I have made thy word my choice . . .	38
Lord, teach a little child to pray . . .	7
Lord, teach a sinful child to pray . . .	136

Lord, I despair myself to heal	65
Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace	87
Lord, I would be a child of thine	96
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	106
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	125
Lord, we address thy heavenly throne	24
Lo, the young tribes of Adam rise	59
Maker, Saviour of mankind	95
Methinks the last great day is come	135
My God, how endless is thy love	120
My God who makes the sun to know	118
My gracious God, accept my prayer	99
My life's a narrow span	125
My Saviour, my almighty Friend	75
My son, know thou the Lord	52
My thoughts arise, and soar above	19
No, never shall my heart despond	28
Now let my soul, eternal King	37
Now let us raise our cheerful strains	80
Now to the Lamb that once was slain	149
O for a thankful heart	88
O for a thousand tongues to sing	5
O God, I thank thee that the night	138
O Jesus, full of truth and grace	63
O Lord, encouraged by thy grace	140
O may thy powerful word	34
On Christ, my Shepherd, I'll depend	82
On what has now been sown	26
On this auspicious, happy day	147
Once more, before we part	149
O that the Lord would guide my ways	79
O that my load of sin were gone	48
O that I, like Timothy	42
O thou, before whose gracious throne	133
O thou that hearest when sinners cry	109

O thou, whom none hath seen or known	44
O thou, whom high archangels praise -	86
O thou, whose providential care - -	89
O thou whose tender mercy hears -	93
O 'tis a folly and a crime - - -	126
Our Father, full of grace Divine -	84
O world of bliss, could mortal eyes - -	137
Pass a few swiftly fleeting years - -	31
Poor and needy though I be - - -	128
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	149
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand -	49
Soon as I heard my Father say - -	127
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies	76
That solemn day will soon arrive - -	134
The clock has struck, I cannot stay -	29
The hour is come, I will not stay -	138
The short-lived day declines in haste -	129
The liar who the truth denies - - -	111
The Lord our secret sins espies - -	110
Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake -	101
The Lord he knows the thoughts of men	67
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord -	36
The Lord is here! He sees us too - -	34
The morning flowers display their sweets	32
The praises of my tongue - - -	9
There is a land above - - -	133
There is a glorious world of light -	133
The starry heavens thy rule obey - -	32
This is a precious book indeed - -	11
This is the day when Christ arose - -	123
This, this is the God we adore - -	75
This day belongs to God alone - -	85
Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love -	124
Thou art our Shepherd, gracious Lord	102
Though children in stature and years -	51

Thou great Instructor, lest I stray	-	19
Thus far we're spared again to meet	-	69
Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord	-	102
Tidings of grace now reach our ears	-	70
'Tis but a short, uncertain space	-	129
'Tis religion that can give	- - -	56
To God, the Creator of all	- - -	69
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	- -	147
Try us, O God, and search the ground	-	58
'Twas God who made the earth and skies		83
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear	-	61
We are but young, yet we may sing	-	68
We came into the world to do	- -	103
We now from school depart	- -	146
What various hindrances we meet	- -	142
What are all earthly blessings, Lord	-	93
What glory gilds the sacred page	-	44
What is there, Lord, a child can do	-	17
What though the arm of conq'ring death		21
When blooming youth is snatch'd away		130
Whene'er I take my walks abroad	- -	92
When I can read my title clear	- -	54
When to the house of God we go	-	13
When Jesus left his heavenly throne	-	22
When Jesus left his Father's throne	-	73
When I survey the wondrous cross	-	78
When Eli's sons by deeds profane	- -	131
When life's tempestuous storms are o'er		132
When morning comes the birds arise	-	117
When the Redeemer left his throne	-	136
Where two or three together meet	-	139
Where two or three with sweet accord		21
Why should I say, 'tis yet too soon	- -	60
Why should our parents call us good	-	106
Why should we spend our youthful days		110

With humble heart and tongue . . .	66
Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm . . .	49
Yonder, amazing sight! I see . . .	77

INDEX TO THE APPENDIX.

Again we hail the joyful day . . .	155
Almighty God, by whose command . . .	158
Come, children, tune your voices . . .	160
Come, let our voices join . . .	150
Come, ye children, and adore him . . .	154
Encompass'd in an infant's form . . .	162
From Greenland's icy mountains . . .	166
Great God! accept our songs of praise . . .	151
Hail to the joyful morning . . .	164
Hosanna be the children's song . . .	159
Jesus Christ, the Holy One . . .	163
On this our festal day . . .	157
O thou, whom angel choirs adoring . . .	156
Rich is the sacred song that swells . . .	153
Shall Bethlehem forget her night . . .	161
The heralds now are flying . . .	165
There's triumph in the worlds above . . .	165
They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest . . .	167
What tho' no harp with golden string . . .	160

THE END.







Shanghai

NW

Co

